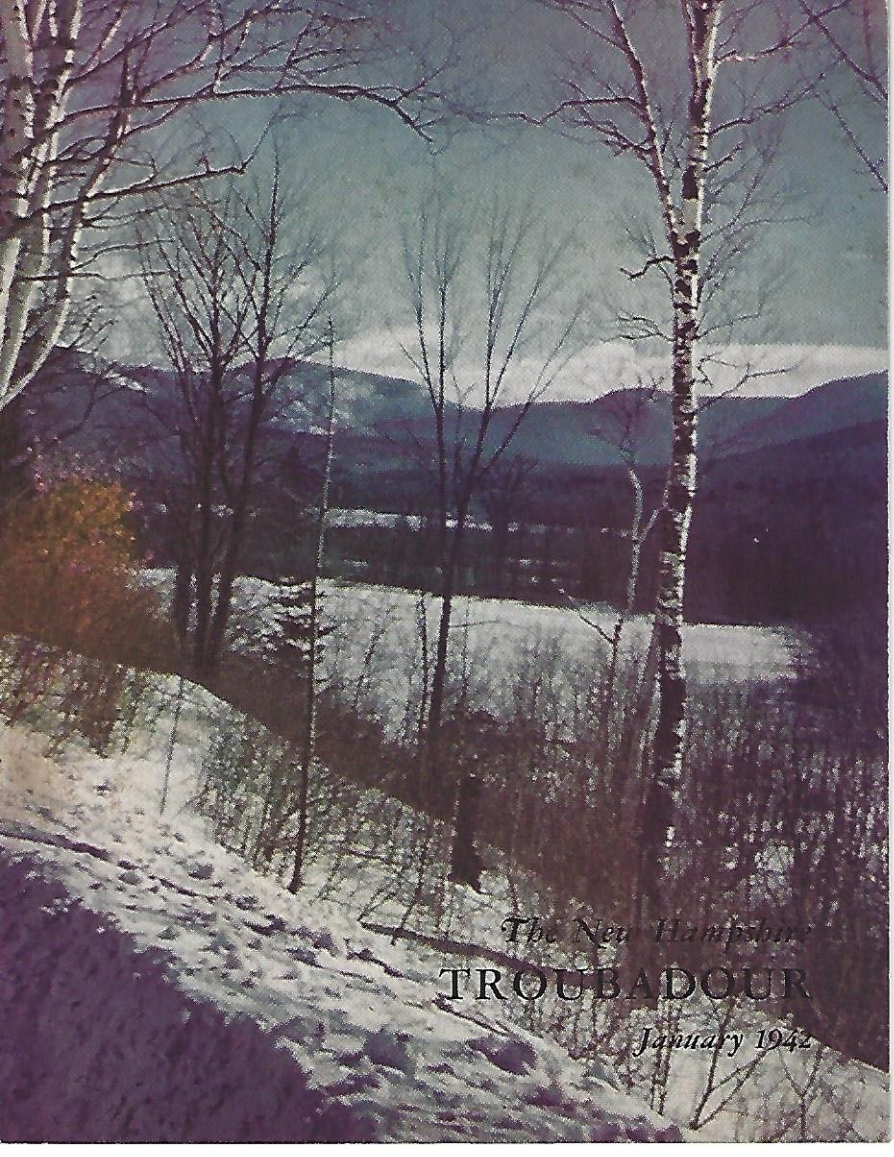
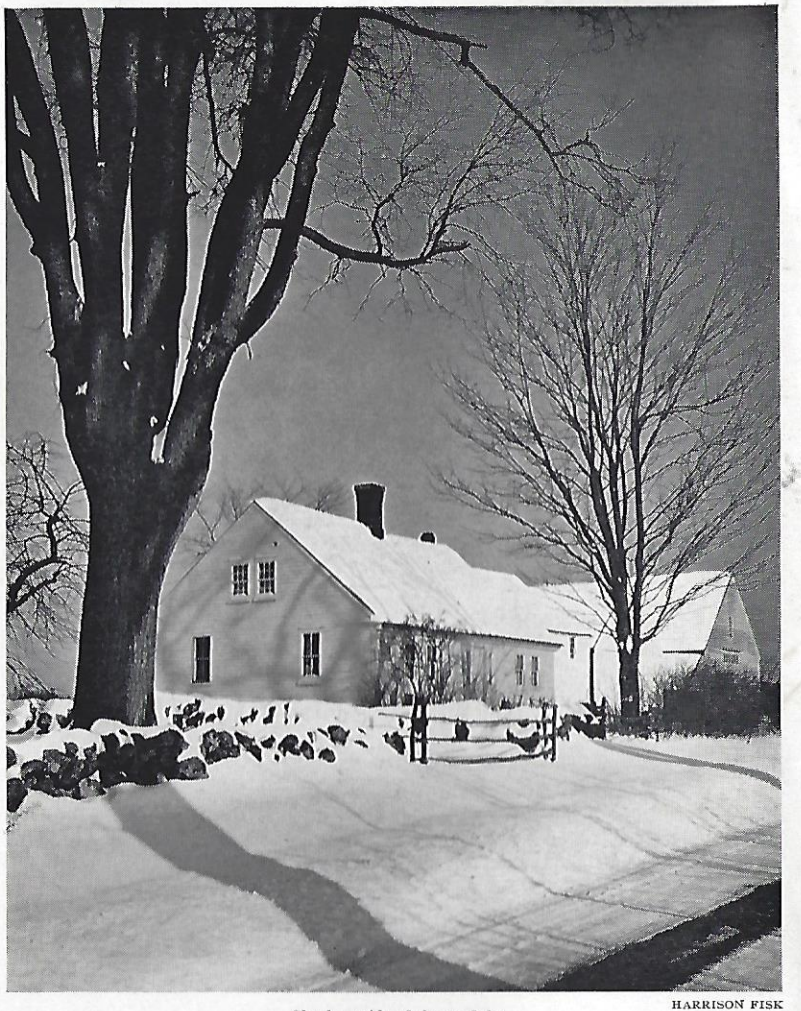


The New Hampshire

TROUBADOUR

January 1942



HARRISON FISK

Slowly, softly, flake on flake
Overwhelming field and fence,
Hushing every house and street
With the strangest eloquence.
— ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUBADOUR

comes to you every month, singing the praises of New Hampshire, a state whose beauty and opportunities should tempt you to come and share those good things that make life here so delightful. It is sent to you by the State Planning and Development Commission, Concord, N. H. 50 Cents a Year

DONALD TUTTLE, EDITOR

VOLUME XI *January, 1942* NUMBER 10

Yet a Precious Jewel

By KENNETH ANDLER

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."
— SHAKESPEARE.

In 1832 Chateaubriand remarked, "We fall asleep to the sound of kingdoms crashing in the night and every morning they are swept up before our doors." Nowadays with bedside radios and history repeating itself in its best proverbial manner, we may regard Chateaubriand's remark as almost literally true for our own time. And it does seem that if history is going to keep on acting this way century after century we may as well get used to it, for history has been with us a long time already and there's likely to be more of it rather than less.

Consequently, it appears wise to occasionally snap off the radio,

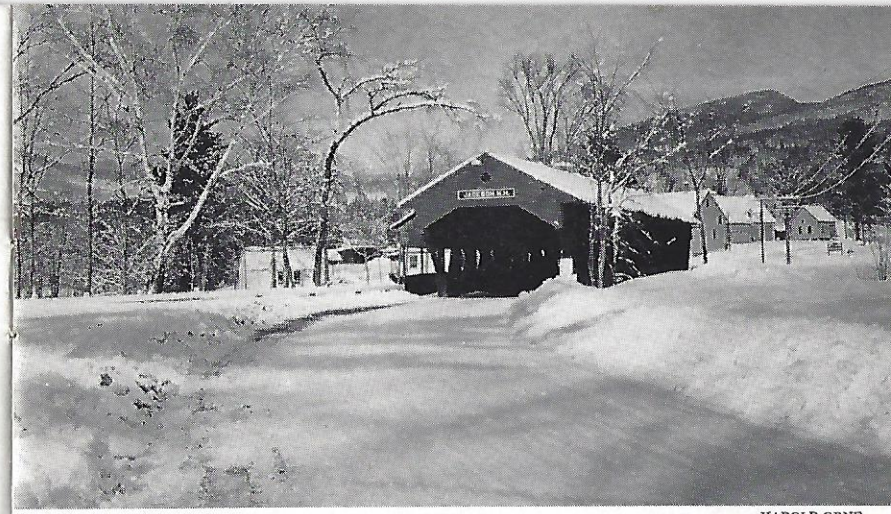
lay aside the newspaper, and so emerging from the gloom of war, step forth into that outdoor New Hampshire whose trees do not speak with the tongues of confusion, whose books in the running brooks are not those of a dark despair, whose sermons in stones were not prepared by a political commissar. Yes, Mr. Shakespeare, sweet *are* the uses of adversity.

Consider the hurricane — here's hoping we never have to specify which hurricane. For more than a year it cast a pall over almost every lover of New Hampshire's outdoors and of course over the owners of valuable timber lands. The origin of the word "hurricane," incidentally, is a foreign word of about the same sound meaning "evil spirit." How right that is!

But we are even now outgrowing the effects of the big blow. The illest of all winds, it even blew some good. I know of one lonely old woman who, her family having all died, lives by herself on top of a hill. Long ago there was from her place a superb view of hills and mountains while directly below lay the village in a winding valley. But through the years a growth of young pines had gradually come up on adjoining land to blot it all out. When the hurricane giant leveled them with one sweep of his forearm the years were swept away and, behold, there appeared as of old the hills, the mountains, the village with its lights twinkling on the floor of the winding valley, not street lights but the twinkle of kerosene lamps and candles from scores of houses.

So, possibly, from the dark hurricane of war some good may emerge, some veil be rent to throw before our anxious eyes the glad sight of a peaceful valley we used to know.

If ever there were stones with sermons in them, New Hampshire must have them. Particularly our stone walls. Not so much sermons, with them, as a personal message out of the past. These endless, gray, granite walls filing forever uphill and down, turning right, turning left, steadfastly marking off fields, pastures, woodlots, making no boast about it, doing their work quietly and well —



HAROLD ORNE

Old covered bridge over the Ellis River at Jackson. The plowed road is one of many reasons why winter motoring in New Hampshire is so delightful.

who lined them up so and set them marching down the centuries? Apparently not men seeking something for nothing, evidently men who prided themselves in their work, obviously men who wanted their work to endure, certainly *men*.

The old Granite State has its ledges cropping out of the wooded mountainsides, its boulder-strewn brooks and rivers, its lofty cones of rock in the Presidential Range, its Old Man of the Mountains. As we lift up our eyes to these granite hills we are encouraged to think that though the world and all we have known and cared for seems to be breaking up about us some things do not change. The ground itself is solid beneath our feet. Let us be thankful, therefore, that in these trying times we have about us in New Hampshire so much space "exempt from public haunt" in which by contrast to the murky, quicksand world in general, we find, not evil, but "good in everything."

Hank Proves It's a Real Nice Day

Dere Editor:

The other morning, which was good and cold, with the sun shining brite on the crust and the mercury in the thermometer holding around zero and the wind yowling around the eaves of the house like a lost sick starving tom cat, I stopped at a certain home tew read the meter and after I read it I sort of passed the time of day with the man of the house who was setting toasting his shins in front of the kitchen stove and arguing with hisself as to whether or not he should go out and do some work around his barn.

"Nice morning" I says to him real bright and cheerful like.

He scowled at me and lifted up the stove lid and deposited therein a used up chew of terbaccer and whittled hisself off anuther hunk and scowled at me again and grunted "I don't see nothing nice about it."

I didn't say nothing but I wawked across to his sink and give the faucet a twist and the water come out so strong that it spattered the frunt of my jacket.

"Your water aint froze up" I says to him. "You ought to be thankful yew aint having to hire Gordon Stimson to cum down from our happy town with his electric machine and unthaw your pipes like a lot of folks has to, and in the meantime lug water by hand from the brook."

He just sort of grunted and chewed away on his quid.

Then I wawked over and driv my forefinger deep into his right side, way low down. He give a yelp and half come out of his chair.

"How'd yew like to be laying in a horspital this nice morning with a three-inch hole in your tummy thru which your favorite doctor had just fished your appendix?" I ast him. "And with gas pains; so it feels like red hot snakes was running through your innards and every time you coff you think each stitch in that insizyun is a sharp fish hook with a deluxe barb onto it — how'd you like that?"

"Don't talk about it" he says and holds onto his tummy and sort of groans. "I got a chronic appendix anyways — don't say no more."

I looked out the winder and I says "That barn would burn nice. With the wind blowing this way and with the wood shingles you got on this house, it would be sure to take the house too. I don't think the fire department could do much, for the ice would form at the hose couplings and it would cut the stream from the nozzles way down — provided they could get to the brook to get water."

"I aint got enuff insurance by two thousand dollars" he squalls. "Don't you mention fire. It makes me sick to my stummick. I can't afford no more insurance than what I got but I ought to have more."

Then I looks out into the yard again and I see a nice new tractor parked in his shed and I says "Did I ever tell you about the jug headed hired man who put a gallon of maple syrup instead of a gallon of oil into his boss' brand new tractor? That syrup crystallized right off and plugged up all the oil lines. It burned out all the bearings, scored the cylinders so deep they couldn't be rebored and heated the crankshaft so bad it warped it out of true. All the salvage they got out of that engine was the spark plugs and cylinder head timer."

He looks at me and sinks deeper into his chair. "Don't talk about anything like that. My hired man aint too brite. In fact it took him three years to get through the fifth grade and then he quit school."

I notissed that he had two shotguns standing in the corner. One was a twenty bore and the other was a twelve. They was a old salt

BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

This happy crowd has had a glorious day playing around in the snow and now is waiting for the Snow Train homeward bound

box filled with gun shells, all mixed up, twelves and twenties, setting in the corner. "I knowed a feller wunce" I said "that had a twelve and a twenty, just like you. He took the twelve out one day and put in a twenty gauge shell by mistake. Well, the twenty shell dropped out of sight down into the chamber and when the gun didn't go off he thought he had forgot to load it and so he put in a twelve that fitted and then pulled the trigger. The barrel blowed in two and it cut his left wrist off so neat you would have thought it was did by an axe, instead of a gun blowing up. They had to transfuse him four times to save his life. It was three months before he got back to work and then he didn't have no left hand, just a iron hook."

He looked at me and sort of grabbed his left hand with his right and wiggled his fingers just to make sure they was there and give a sigh of relief.

I picked up my meter book and headed for the door "All things considered," I says "it's a nice day, aint it."

"Now you come to mention it," says he "I guess that it be."

Sincerely, HANK

Parker McL. Merrow in the Carroll County Independent and Granite State News

NH

The Hills of New Hampshire

By HAROLD S. WINSHIP

Much has been written in praise of New Hampshire, "Land of Scenic Splendor," fashioned in rare beauty by the Creator in that far distant time, when, according to the Scriptures, "He measured the earth, and the eternal mountains were scattered and the everlasting hills did bow."

Can the oldest native son tell how old are the hills of New Hampshire? The effort to answer this question as to their prehistoric formation staggers the imagination, for even the wisest man of his day was speechless before the query in the ancient Book of Job, "Wast thou brought forth before the hills?"

The hills of New Hampshire — increasingly loved and appreciated by those who live here or visit the state, because of their natural beauty and rugged strength — seen in the foreground or in the distant perspective!

Lifting our eyes to these hills, we perceive with that inner vision not only the eternal values in the passing panorama of events, but have revealed to us the deeper meaning of the historic past and the far-flung future! We perceive "the precious things of the everlasting hills," and from this experience we receive new strength!

Chocorua the Magnificent

By BARNARD POWERS

Chocorua mountain is the most important, southern outpost of the White Mountains. Approaching it from the south over Ossipee's pine plains, it rises slowly, like a purple cloud on the northern horizon. As one draws nearer it swells in dark majesty, until its mighty shape fills the northern skyline.

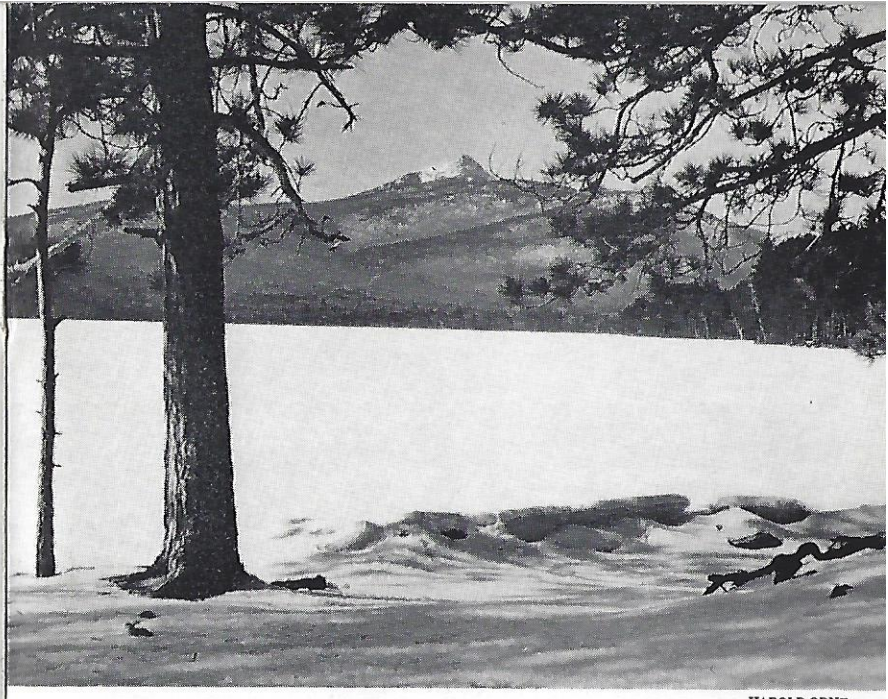
But Chocorua is not notable for its size. Its charm lies in the distinctiveness of its peak, suggestive of the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn and the fact that it immortalizes one of the few authentic, Indian legends. Disregarding the lady poets who have embroidered a perfectly fascinating, though historically unsupported Chocorua saga, the fact remains that the mountain is named after an important Indian chief whose son was killed by early settlers. That the chief climbed to Chocorua's summit and leaped into the void, after invoking a redman's curse upon the palefaces, makes good reading but is not supported by the unromantic records of our forefathers.

Nevertheless, Chocorua's mighty, rock-ribbed peak, rising from its green robes and seen across the flashing waters of Chocorua lake, presents a scene of beauty which cannot be equalled east of the Rockies. This particular aspect is known as the "Artist's View" and one wishes the artists had never discovered it for it has been "done" to death.

To really appreciate Chocorua, one must truly know it and the only way to become thoroughly imbued with its spirit is to live for weeks and months in its shadow; scale it by its half dozen trails and learn its contours and moods from every point of the compass.

From the north it presents a battlemented front, from the east it resembles a breaking wave, from the west a three-humped camel and from the south a crouching lion.

To a close observer Chocorua never seems the same. In winter its



HAROLD ORNE

flinty cone, throwing off the weight of snows, rises starkly from dark, fir robes. Under a watery, January sun or under the pulsing Northern Lights, it is cold, forbidding, aloof. Its icy peak suggests the mysteriousness of the Sphinx, eternally waiting to answer a question yet to be asked.

In summer Chocorua is more gracious. Aureoled by skies of matchless blue and diademed by snowy, billowing clouds, it is as lovely as the dreams of youth, and as harmless. Carefree trippers—Frank Bolles called them "horn blowing, peanut eating tourists"—

HAROLD J. PIPER

The ambrosia and nectar of the gods couldn't have tasted better than this food cooked and eaten in this sunny spot in the woods at the Belknap Mountains Recreational Area.

scramble gaily up its steep flanks and, from the table-rock on the summit, gaze pop-eyed upon the tumbling mountain herd to the north and the lake-spotted plains to the south.

But to get the real spirit of Chocorua one should spend a night alone on its summit as the writer once did. The sun sinks in a welter of gold and crimson behind the Sandwich range and, one by one, the stars prick their way through the deepening blue. Cold winds surge down from Canada and moan about the peak. As the darkness deepens, distant towns and villages break out in a thousand pinpoints of light. Gradually the lights disappear and at last one is

left alone in space with the stars, now blazing like a million tiny lamps. Night fogs stretch damp hands upward until finally the entire peak is wrapped in ghostly foam.

After what seems endless hours, Venus begins to fade in the western sky and a faint pallor, more guessed than seen, spreads from the eastern horizon and challenges the blue-black overhead. Gradually the glow increases and now the low lying clouds are tinged with saffron, orchid and old-gold. Imperceptibly the stars shrink and fade as the sun pushes towards the horizon. The cloud floor below is still intact but the clouds are leaping and boiling as though agitated by an unseen volcano and presently the sun's golden eye appears over the distant hills.

Now the clouds boil upward in wild retreat and from their depths, a thousand feet down in the valley, a thin, silver voice floats upward. It is a voice very dear to the heart of every New Hampshire man for it is the song of the white-throated sparrow greeting the dawn of a new day.

The Silent Winter

By Mrs. Emma Foster

"And now are come the silent days of inward living, the profitable hours of meditative peace. Without, white fields are full of snowy silences; within, the welcome warmth of hearth and home, the open book, where march great thoughts to lead us through legend, song, and story. Now, if ever, should our summer dreams come true, our hearts attain their aspirations, our hands fulfill their long-awaited duties; now should our faith renew its hold on God and Truth and our very souls climb upward to their Heaven. For Lo! the silent winter is the Spirit's spring.

FRONT COVER: The Carter-Moriah Range across Randolph Valley. From a natural color photograph by Guy Shorey of Gorham.

BACK COVER: "King Winter Leads the Way to the Snow Fields." Photo by Winston Pote. The figure of King Winter is formed by a spruce dressed in frost and heavy snow.

"New England Notes," is an unpretentious and delightful little book of verse and prose by Grace Holbrook Blood. (The Clarke Press of Manchester, fifty cents.)

The Dartmouth Winter Carnival scheduled for February 6 and 7 has been cancelled.

From records of early town meetings at Durham:

1739 Feb. 4. Voted "Mr. Hugh Adams shall have fifty pounds toward his support provided he sets down contented and Preach not in any part of the Town of Durham this day forward or time to come and to be paid within twelve months from this date hereof and if Mr. H. Adams should preach in sd town then this vote to be void and of none effect."

1805 Mch. 12. Met in School house (Second Tues) Regular Meeting. Voted to appoint a com of three "to wait on the minister and inform him that his preaching is no longer beneficial to the Inhabitants of Durham" and that "they wish to have the contract with him as a gospel teacher, dissolved."

The Benjamin Chase Company of Derry celebrated its 75th Anniversary last month. During all these years it has maintained its original line of reed ribs and harness shafts for textile concerns and for sixty years it has been making wood labels and plant stakes for nurserymen and florists.

"*Horse Sense*"

"Herb Wolff, Dartmouth '10, New York barrister, civic worker, personal friend and counselor of Washington's Mr. Morgenthau, and in general a grim but kindly New Dealer, has shown marvellous solicitude for his four sons . . . one morning some years ago after having had pickles for breakfast, the Washington commuter announced to the lads gathered in solemn conclave, 'My sons, I am broadminded. I am blessed with the gift of understanding. You, individually and collectively, have complete freedom in choice of college you attend . . . but I pay your bills only if you go to Dartmouth. Fair enough, isn't it?"

* * *

"Addendum: Alfred graduated from Dartmouth in 1939. . . . Herbert Jr., is a sophomore at Hanover. . . . John enters next fall. . . . Richard is registered but cannot matriculate until the fall of 1945." (From January 1942 Dartmouth Alumni Magazine.)

The First Annual Salon of the New England Council of Camera Clubs will be held at the Jordan Marsh Auditorium, 450 Washington Street, Boston, January 26–31. Pictures are limited to those taken by New England photographers in New England or its coastal waters. Harold Orne, whose pictures have frequently appeared in the *Troubadour*, is chairman of the Salon Committee.

The History of Weare by William Little relates that at the town meeting March 12, 1765 "Jacob Jewell and Asa Heath were chosen deer-keepers, to see that deer should only be killed at such seasons as would not diminish their increase. The law said 'deer reeves' should be elected every year, but gentlemen Jewell and Heath attended to their duties so well that their office was at once unpopular, the citizens ever after refusing to fill it."

> It is the common fate of the indolent to see their rights become a prey to the active. The condition upon which God hath given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.
>
> —JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750–1817)
> Speech upon the Right of Election, 1790.

A Northern Winter's Welcome

By C. TURNER

Hurrah for the ski! and the taut snowshoe
And the swift skate's shrill refrain!
When the world's enwrapped in its mantle new
And winter awakes again!

For the wattled shoe will come by its own,
And so will the speeding ski;
Now the white paved track has at last been sown
Where the mercury-footed flee.

Then hail to the frost! and the northern King!
And hail to their reign benign!
May the snowshoe's swing and the keen skate's ring
Be heard till the end of time!

For they bring good health, and sturdiest strength
And healing's on their wings.
And the frame will glow, and the blood swift flow
Wherever their music sings.

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